The Prompter.

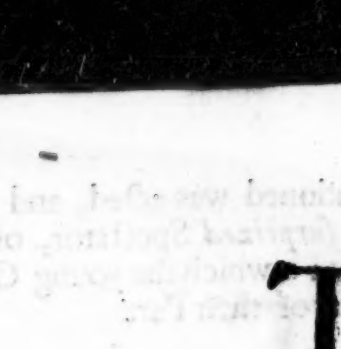
Like Flow'rs, that, by each other, better shew,
The grateful Song, thus mix'd, shall stronger glow.

VIRGIL.

TUESDAY, JUNE 1. 1736.

To the PROMPTER.

SIR, 23d *May*, 1736.



STrifling as you may think the Occasion of the following Complaint, greater Poets than myself, have not thought it a Disgrace to let their Muse mourn with the fair Weeper, on Deaths less considerable. Give this then a Place in your Paper: I'm sure the Lady is not inferior either to *Lesbia*, or *Cynthia*, immortalized by their poetical Lovers, and *Poll* must be allowed superior to the *Sparrow* and *Dove*. *Yours*,

JACK SPARKISH.

Lunnilla's COMPLAINT for the Loss of her PARROT.

WHere two tall Oaks combine their friendly Shade,
In silent Woe, was laid LUNNILLA *laid.*
Her Head reclin'd, she heav'd a mournful Sigh,
And frequent Tears ran trickling from each Eye;
Her feather'd Fav'rite *by her Side was plac'd,*
Who now (oh! sad Reverse!) had breath'd his last.
At length she wrung her Hands, and tore her Hair,
And vented thus, the Ravings of Despair.——
No Grief like mine, no Fate like thine, she cry'd,
Since VENUS *wept, or lov'd* ADONIS *dy'd.*
Be dumb, ye warbling Choir, your Strain give o'er,
For Poll, *your Glory once, is now no more!*

If LESBIA's *Sparrow justly claim'd a Tear,*
You more, than twenty thousand Sparrows, were.
I fought thee early, and I watch'd thee late,
And little heeded thy approaching Fate.
For thee I skim'd the Bowl, and brown'd the Toast;
Just Heav'n, must all this pious Care be lost!
For thee a Magazine of Nuts I hid,
Could Care have sav'd thee, thou hadst never dy'd.
Ah! what is Care, if Fate must have it's Will,
Tho' Fevers spare us, yet the Pip *can kill!*
Be dumb, &c.

Tho' late thy ev'ry Charm, with Joy I view'd,
By sad Reflection, now my Pain's renew'd.
Yet just to thee I will thy Graces speak,
And tell thy Praises, tho' my Heart should break:
Red was thy spreading Tail, bright Grey thy Coat,
Thy dear, dear, *Tongue, like a Pistacho Nut;*
Envy'd by Beaus, and Smarts, thou oft won'dst sip,
The Quintessence of NECTAR *from my Lip:*
Thy Scream *was* charming, *graceful was thy Walk,*
And thou wouldst talk! good Gods how thou wouldst talk
Be dumb, &c.

Could ever I see (but sure I never can!),
Half thy Perfections in the Creature Man;
I might an Ear to proffer'd Love incline,
And think him no mean Offering at my Shrine.
I might endure him; but I plainly feel,
I should not, could not, love him half so well.
Oh! had MINERVA *view'd thee with my Eyes,*
And known, like me, thy Excellence to prize;
She had, e'e this, discarded her own Owl,
And for the Bird of Wisdom, taken Poll.
Be dumb, &c.

Thus wail'd LUNNILLA, LOVE, *and* VENUS *heard,*
And strait to soothe the soft Desire prepar'd;
Mistaken Girl, the Queen of Beauty cry'd,
Are there no Parrots in the World beside;
Look round the wide Domains of fruitful Nature,
You'll see Poll *flaunt'd on many a thoughtless Feature,*
MIRTILLO, STREPHON, COLLIN, *thousands more,*
Who well can please you for an idle Hour.
I'll single one, said LOVE, *shall do't to a Tittle*
Shall talk as much, as well, and think as little,——
Renew, you feath'r'd Choir, renew your Strain,
LUNNILLA *drys her Tears, and seeks the Plain.*

THO' I perceive, by the Close of the Complaint, the fair Lady has taken the proper Method to get rid of her Grief, by resolving to admit a new Favourite; I beg Leave to recommend the following Lines to her most serious Perusal, as a Caution, not to fix her Heart too lightly upon any Thing, without knowing the real Value of it beforehand. A splendid Outside, a *dear, dear, Tongue*, may be but a Bait to draw the unwary in, like Pug, to a Taste of Bitterness.

CURIOSITY.——A FABLE.

AN Ape once found a gilded Pill,
Pleas'd with the Size, and Artist's Skill;
Pug strait the Treasure seiz'd.
The splendid Globe employ'd his Sight,
A Touch afforded vast Delight,
Each Look his Fancy pleas'd.
His Passion rais'd, poor Pug, at last,
Eager to gratify his Taste,
Bites at the fatal Trap;
Enrag'd, away he throws the [illegible] Joy
OF LITTLE USE BUT TO DECOY
ANOTHER BROTHER APE.

THE following Lines are a very pretty Imitation of the 11th Ode of the 1st Book of *Horace*. I can't say, I have ever seen them in print; my Correspondent assures me they never were: on which Assurance, I venture, without any further Inquiry, to present them to my Readers.

The ADVICE. To *S--n F--x*, Esq;

FOrbear, my dear S—n, with fruitless Desire,
Into Truths, which are better conceal'd, to enquire;
Who anticipate Care, their own Pleasure destroy;
And, invite Disappointment, who build upon Joy.
Perhaps, many Years are allow'd me by Fate,
Or next Winter, perhaps, is the last of their Date.
Let credulous Fools, whom Astrologers cheat,
Exult, or despond, as they vary Deceit.

All

All Ills unforeſeen, we the eaſieſt endure;
What avails to foreſee, *unleſs* Foreſight *could cure!*
And from Ills, by their Art, *how can Wretches be freed,*
When that Art *muſt be* falſe, *or* thoſe Ills *be* decreed?
Even now whilſt I write, Time ſteals on our Youth,
And a Moment's cut off from thy Friendſhip and Truth!
Then no more on hereafter, thy Wiſhes employ,
Who build on the Future, *the* Preſent *deſtroy:*
To-day's *all the Treaſure poor Mortals can boaſt,*
For To-morrow's *not* gain'd, *and* Yeſterday's loſt.
Then ſeize the ſwift Bleſſing, enjoy the Dear NOW,
And take, *not* expect, *what hereafter'll beſtow.*

I AM pleaſed the following Letter, which is juſt come to hand, gives me an Opportunity of complimenting the Fair Sex, with a little Piece of Advice for their Conduct. It is, if I can judge by the Hand that convey'd it to me, wrote by a Lady, tho' the Letter is ſubſcribed in the maſculine Gender.

To the PROMPTER.

SIR, 28th *May*, 1736.

'I Have endeavour'd for two or three Winters paſt, to get the following Lines, into ſome one, or other, of the different Bell-Men's annual Lucubrations in this famous Metropolis, for the Good of the polite Part of it; who, tho' not addicted much to reading, never fail, I believe, to peruſe their parochial Poet at the due Seaſon. But I have not been able to prevail upon any one of them, to incorporate this ſmall *Warning*, into thoſe they ſo generouſly beſtow in ſuch Variety of Articles. Whether they really did not underſtand it, or are under an Obligation to have their's, like other *annual*, and *ſtated*, poetical Compoſitions, *all their* own; or whether they thought it was making too free with their Betters, I can't ſay, but they all refuſed it. I am very unwilling it ſhould be loſt, for the ſake of the Advice; and therefore hope, you will think of it in a different Manner, and give it a Place in your Paper. I look upon the Month of *May*, to be as dangerous a Seaſon for *Thefts* this guards againſt, as Chriſtmas, for the more common ones practiſed then; ſo that the difference of Seaſon, can be no real Objection: But indeed my Caution, cannot come amiſs at any Time of the Year. You'll ſee by the Date, how long it has waited for a Publication.' *Your's,*

The Ladies Bell-Man.

The BELL-MAN's VERSES for *December* the 25th, 1734.

Inſcribed to the LADIES.

YE Nymphs, who flaunt it up, and down,
Regardleſs of the talking Town;
Who ſport upon the Brink of Sin,
Without the Dread of plunging in;
Who, conſcious of no Harm, forſooth,
Love ev'ry naked Thing but Truth——
Your Conduct this Remark exacts
From me, your humble Poet,
WHOEVER ABOVE CENSURE ACTS,
IN TIME WILL FALL BELOW IT.

I SHALL conclude this Paper with two more poetical Compoſitions, being a Prologue, and an Epilogue, ſpoke to the *Andrian*, at a School not far from *London*; and ſhall comply, at a proper Time, with my Correſpondent's Requeſt, in ſhewing the Advantages of performing Plays in publick Schools by young Gentlemen. I happened to be preſent, when the Play here mentioned was acted, and was not only a *pleaſed*, but a *ſurprized* Spectator, of the Juſtneſs, and Propriety, with which the young Gentlemen acquitted themſelves of their Parts.

PROLOGUE to the ANDRIAN, acted at *Fulham.* ✓

IN antient Times, when Follies were but few,
And from few Channels Men theſe Follies drew,
A bluſtering Captain—an obſequious Knave,——
A pimping Paraſite,—an artful Slave,——
A Father covetous,—or elſe ſevere,——
A Son extravagant—as Sons then were,——
For now——
Enter another Boy,
2d. Boy. *Huſh! drop that Matter, and go on,*
No Father, on ſuch Point, believes a Son.
[Exit *Boy.*
1ſt. Boy. *Few tho' the Characters——*
Re-enter the ſame *Boy.*
2d. Boy. *——Hold, Blunderer, yet,*
The ſweeteſt of their Follies you forget.
Ladies, excuſe him, he is yet ſo young,
Love holds but ſmall Acquaintance with his Tongue.
Learn then from mine, that Youth, in former Days,
Pay'd Beauty, the ſame Homage, it now pays:
Alike the gen'rous Youth, and tender Maid,
The Warmth each felt, with mutual Warmth repaid.
Now, Sir, proceed.
[Exit *Boy.*
1ſt. Boy. *Few, though the Characters, the Poet's Art,*
Still found enough to pleaſe *and* touch *the Heart;*
A larger Field our modern Muſes boaſt,
With Beau and Wit, with Prude, Coquette and Toaſt.
For rich in Folly, the prolifick Age,
Affords but too much Buſ'neſs for the Stage:
But 'tis not our's, thus circumſcrib'd to ſhow
Follies, we muſt live in the World, *to know.*
Theſe then to publick Theatres reſign'd,
In ours, with Terence, *we'll improve your Mind.*

The EPILOGUE to the ANDRIAN,

In the Character of GLYCERIUM, who is brought to Bed behind the Scenes. ✓

WELL! I have play'd a moſt affecting Part,
It mov'd me ſo, that ſtill—I'm ſick at Heart.—
Methinks, I hear a Whiſper buzzing round,
Ay, there it goes,—and now I've caught the Sound.—
What Part? When came ſhe on? What is't the means?
Why?—I was brought to Bed behind the Scenes.——
Haſte, JUNO, haſte, LUCINA, *to my Aid,*
I hope the proper Emphaſis *was laid.——*
Well may ye ſmile,—ſome, in this Place, I ſee,
That better cou'd have play'd that Part, *than me.*
But to be grave;—for playing with edg'd Tools,
Has ever been the Privilege of Fools.
In Days of old, when CUPID *tip'd his Dart,*
With Truth,—and Love, ſpake only from the Heart;
The Vows of Lovers mutually exchang'd
Their Faith, *no Art, their* Love, *no Beauty chang'd:*
If the fair Maid (as fair Maids ſometimes do)
At nine Months end a little pregnant grew,—
She cou'd (if a Cit's Daughter) mark me well,
Her Lover to the Bridal-Bed compel.
Thus all was well again—her Fame ſecur'd,
She only (what ſhe well cou'd bear) *endur'd.*
The Times, Alas! are alter'd now—no Law
Ladies, in Force to ſtop up ſuch a Flaw.——
Hard Caſe, but Glorious, ſince ye now may ſhow
Ye, to yourſelves alone, yourſelves will owe.

P.

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